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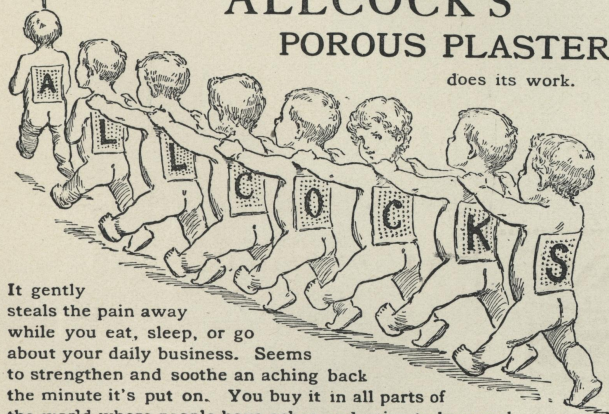
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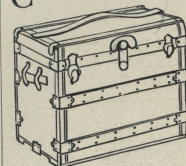
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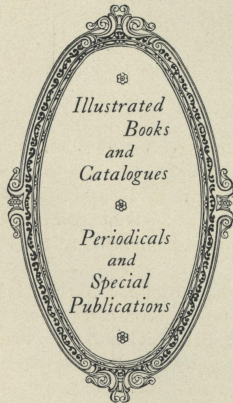
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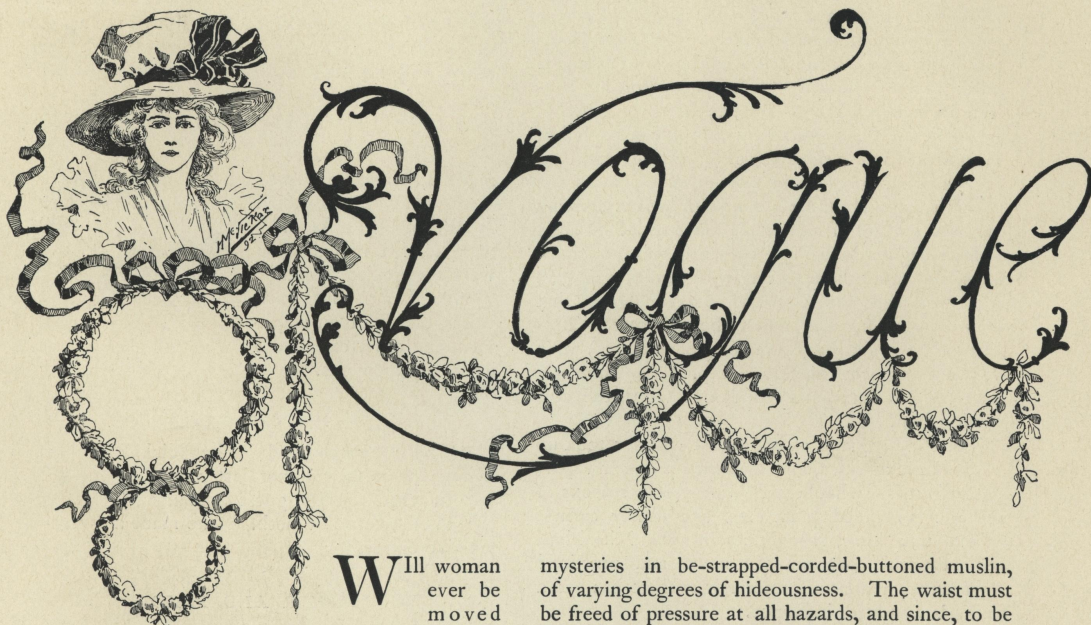
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THE INAUGURAL NUMBER PUBLISHED ON JANUARY 1, 1893



Will woman ever be moved to amend her costume ways by reason of the chidings of wits, reformers or aesthetes? The experience of the past, and more especially the present, does not incline even the most sanguine, to an affirmative view.

Attire, as a text for preaching, is over-popular at present. To be sure, from always, it may be said, preachers and Beaux Brummell have sought to persuade mankind to take dress seriously; the one from the standpoint of ethics, the other from the point of view of the peacock. The vanities of costume and the vogue of it have, however, heretofore been of absorbing interest only to the fops of both sexes, moralists of the Puritan type and manteau makers.

In these later times other expounders have arisen with the aim of making universal a serious interest in costume. The dress reformer and the apostle of æsthetics, in the interests of the race, now impose upon themselves the task of dealing with the question of clothes, and the subject with them attains the gravity of conventions, symposiums and illustrated lectures.

Both classes of teachers confine their attention to woman's attire, and both are more or less given to anatomical disquisitions.

Two points only in the physique feminine appear to interest the dress reformer, the shoulders and the legs. Strictly utilitarian in their aims, it is not shapeliness of outline or any poetry of motion that wins their interest. To them, alas! the shoulder, however beautiful, is but a peg upon which to hang

mysteries in be-strapped-corded-buttoned muslin, of varying degrees of hideousness. The waist must be freed of pressure at all hazards, and since, to be clothed at all, there must needs be some point of fixed contact, the reformers have selected the shoulders for this service.

A matter of even greater moment to them is freeing the legs from the bondage of petticoats. The warmth of the denunciations lavished upon skirts is surprising to those who, while admitting their inconvenience upon occasion—March winds January thaws, hunting, tennis, wheeling, riding—still confess to admiration for the graceful, simple, well-hung draperies that have been permitted in recent years.

This complacent acquiescence in petticoat supremacy irritates the reformers, and with brutal directness they insist that worse than vanity, the skirt is the badge of a degradation as abysmal as any endured by the Oriental slave. Only a class devoid of self-respect, they insist, would consent to continue to model its costumed anatomy after that of the pin-cushion doll. Being mindful that in this war upon skirts total annihilation is not immediately possible, the reformers temporize, and recommend, at the start, full-length disguised division, or few-inch undisguised subtraction. Neither recommendation has found favor with the great body of womankind. Indeed, it is a well-established and much lamented fact that short-skirted peasants, the world over, are beginning to clothe themselves after the "degraded" manner of their long-draped social superiors. If the skirt is really doomed it gives no signs as yet, of immediate dissolution. Per contra, the gossips have it, that it is on the eve of expansion.

The apostle of æsthetics, who also sets up as a critic of clothes, is not in accord with the preachers of reform. Lines and folds, colors and arrangement and environment are his subjects. He preaches a gospel that always compels attention for a time, at least: "How to beautify" whether presented in concrete form in a jar of cosmetics or in the guise of ideas by a self constituted teacher will never fail of an audience, and so the apostles of costume æsthetics have drawn crowds in private drawing rooms and public halls; and taking a course in artistic dressing has been the fad of more than one season. Ladies of high degree have been known to file into hallways, and stand there, gazing with admiring interest at a crumpled cheese cloth covered figure that slowly paced up and down the stair-case. This learning to walk by example (not practice) in a way æsthetic was meekly accepted as eminently practical and satisfactory and well worth the cost of admission.

The socially great, as late as last summer, took up the æsthetic apostles, and harkened to their vaporings. But to what end? Successive seasons of æsthetic (so called) preachings and deadly earnest reform talk have brought about what? healthful and beautiful costume sentiment and practice? Apparently, neither reformer nor æsthete has had a feather's weight of influence.

What has come, as a matter of fact, is the costume of 1832 for which neither reformer nor æsthete would appear as an advocate. A sad result truly for so much eloquent pleading. Alas! for the perversity of humanity, particularly that portion of it called woman. Can it be that the public supposed the preachers were talking in paradoxes? Or that they regarded the attitudinizings and the preachments as a novelty to be tried and dropped when some other fad passed within range of their observation?

ART NOTE

BRUSH: "N. A.?"
PALETTE: "N-O."



FELINE AMENITIES

"Your friend Mr. Barlow isn't a very civil man. He was positively rude to me last night," said Maude.

"That's Henry's great fault," said Ethel. "He has very little respect for age."

A SAD MISTAKE

"I'm in a deuce of a hole," said Biggs, "I heard Miss Anderson had gone to Lakewood and I sent my valet with my card to call upon her last night, and by Jove she hadn't left town!"

A COMPLETE REVERSAL

"Queer how boys change," said the millionaire. "When I was a boy if my father gave me a stock of blocks I was happy, but my boy won't look at anything for his birthday but a block of stocks."

IT DEPENDED

"When are you to be married, Margaret?"

"I don't know exactly. It all depends on Jack."

"Jack! I thought you were engaged to Tom?"

"So I am, but Jack was speaking of an elopement the other day, and I do love elopements."



HER CAPACITY

"The Dawsons had M'lle Kickalini of the Vaudeville at their dinner last week."

"In what capacity, guest or course?"

"Well, a little of both. She made a most impressive entrée."

MASHER AND MAID

"I Have a mind," the masher cried,
While speaking to his belle,
"To ask you, Maud, to be my bride,
For, oh, I love you well!"

"I have a mind to take your hand
Within my finger tips,
And while I hold it there trepanned,
To press it to my lips.

"I have a mind that I will find
In yours a level head;
And oh, my dear, I have a mind——"
"You've no such thing," she said!

A MEAN FATHER

PARENT: "But my dear boy how can you suppose my daughter? Twenty dollars a week won't pay rent."

JONESY: "You don't mean to say you'll charge Lily and me rent, do you?"

THE EDITORIAL INSTINCT IN THE WAY

"Is your father a church member, Miss Jorkins?" was asked of the editor's daughter.

"No," she replied. "Pa thought of becoming an Episcopalian, but his principles forbid his acceptance of thirty-nine articles all in a bunch."

MOLLIE: "I always like to wear a costume that suits me."

MERTIE: "Then you should always appear in something quite simple."



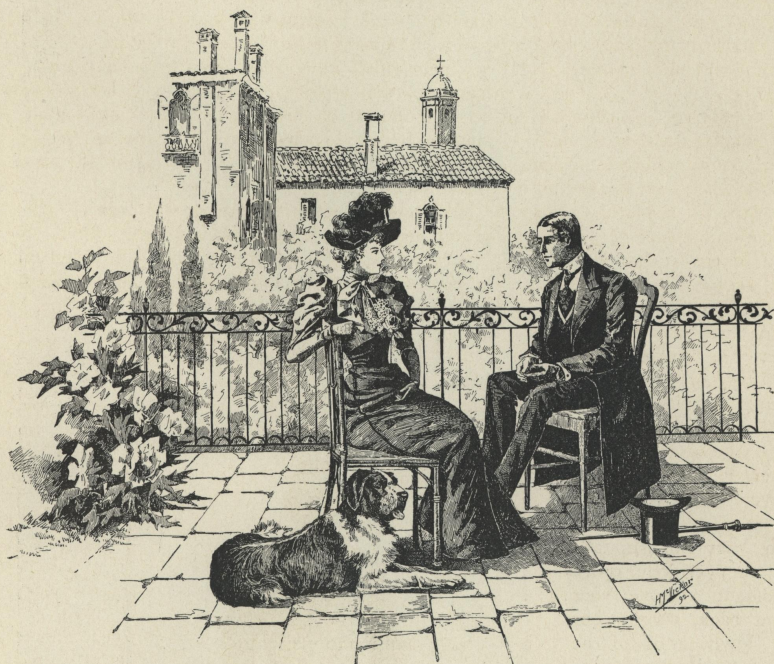
AS SEEN BY HIM

THe boundaries of fashionable New York are coming so much closer together every day, that I should not be surprised within a very few years to find that we will have only one neighborhood in which to live and one street on which

took their afternoon lounge on the Avenue. If a man can afford the time to be away from his office, or if he has no employment, if there, he should follow the prevailing English fashion, the invariable rule of the London man of leisure. He ought never to be seen on the afternoon stroll, wearing a derby, or what is vulgarly known as a "pot" hat.

The Avenue is our Row, our Bois; and you would never see such headgear in either of these charming lounging places, except it appeared on the head of the Cockney 'Arry, or was tilted over the beetling brows of a blue blouse voyer.

The rule for the man of leisure is simple; "A silk hat is the only possibility after midday." With this, the year's fashion dictates and our severe climate requires, an overcoat. Melton of a dark shade, made long, single breasted, perfectly plain, with a



to take our daily airing. Indeed, it looks very much that way now. Broadway between Twenty-third and Forty-second Streets has become the exclusive property of the theatrical and racing professions, Madison Avenue is an avowed lovers' lane, reserved for engaged couples, the Park is impossible, and the other avenues, except a little strip here and there, are utterly out of the question. Even Fifth Avenue has resolved itself to one side, for you will certainly notice that all the afternoon promenaders keep to the west. The spin from the Racquet Club to the Union, is just long enough, in this nipping winter air, clear and sparkling as champagne, to be bracing and agreeable; even if you cannot resist resting by the wayside at either the Knickerbocker or the Calumet.

Americans are quick observers, and frequent foreign travel has led them to assimilate what is good in the old land usages, and to discard what is objectionable. I am not laying down rules or writing an essay on etiquette, but it has caused me some surprise to see that until recently, even New Yorkers failed to be properly dressed when they

simple black velvet collar, is, I think, the most distingué and it is the garment universally adopted by the best dressed men on the Avenue. The climate of England is damp and cold, but not as variable or as treacherous as that of our own land. It is absolute folly and absurd affectation to walk around without an overcoat during a New York winter. It tempts pneumonia and it is not chic. The great long skirted frock coats are for spring and autumn wear. They have received a shock, however, since the Horse Show, where they were in the meridian of their glory. Five retail dealers on Broadway, one on Eighth Avenue and two gentlemen who claim to be the "only and original" Cohen in the classic precincts of Baxter Street near the Bowery, are exhibiting wooden dummies clothed in these garments. There is still some hope for it, as these establishments keep the coats tightly buttoned on the proud breast of the wooden figures.

In London, where it rains and it is foggy—more of a Scotch mist during the winter than anything else—the men who are in town, during that dull

season, always carry umbrellas. Indeed, Englishmen are addicted to umbrellas at all seasons. A well rolled umbrella is a delight. But here, we carry the cane more frequently than the other as slightly but more useful article. How delighted I am to see that the great unwieldy hideous club, always depicted in the comic papers as the absolutely necessary adjunct of the pictorial "dude" has vanished. No man of good sense or of good taste, for that matter, ever carried one of these monstrosities. They were cherished by the ardent Freshmen and the arrogant Sophomore on the College Campus.

They were the surviving relics of a race of obscure men who made public cafés their social clubs and attired themselves in absurdly ridiculous and highly exaggerated raiment, who were exalted by ignorant puffery into leaders of fashion. They supplied the missing distinction between the words gentlemen and "gents." There are two kinds of walking sticks used this winter by well dressed men. One is of dark wood, nearly or altogether black. The top is a silver knob or a piece of the wood bent as a handle. The other kind is of lighter German wood, and it has a small band of silver or oxidized metal near the top and the handle is fashioned as a shepherd's crook. Some of these have embedded on them small silver fleurs-de-lys. In either case the stick is very modest and not in the least conspicuous.

Should you wish to be very English, take your walking stick or your perfectly rolled umbrella, with dark handle, in both of your hands, hold it behind your back, throw your chin forward and walk slowly as if in the deepest meditation. This is Parliamentary. Otherwise grasp it firmly below the crook or use it on the pavement as an aid to walking.

The old style of holding the cane near the ferule is relegated, with other abominations, to the gentleman who does the song and dance in the music halls in the congenial Bowery.

For an afternoon promenade, a kid glove is not de rigueur. Indeed a gant de Suede in grey or copper color, is warmer, more Parisian and is now generally worn. There is no glove in the world like that of undressed kid, and women long ago recognized the value of this article of toilet. I find also a glove, elastic and comfortable and very presentable, which has lately come from England. It is of kid, not dogskin, thick almost to the consistency of leather, beautifully finished and with one to two buttons, generally with one. It has been known a number of years in Paris and London, but was not imported for sale in this city until recently, and strange to say, it cannot be found at a glover's, but only at one's hatter's.

I hope the day will come when men, if they are obliged to wear fur-trimmed overcoats before dark, will get some suitable head-gear to match; when the light checked ulster or the brown "fall" overcoat will not be seen in company with the silk hat, and that other similar abominations will vanish like the poetical Arabs, I don't care how silently, so long as we will be given the blessed hope of never seeing them together again. I say this because only last week I saw a well-known club man, who had been pointed to me as the very model of fashion, very much in evidence at a large dance, in a black tie and a white waistcoat, the latter very much crumpled (it could never have fitted him), and one button of which was unfastened. I fear such a man, in an emergency, perhaps, might wear russet shoes with his evening dress.

Bluchers are not worn, neither is it exactly proper to wear patent leather shoes on the street, except when calling, and then they should be protected by gaiters, but not, if possible, by those light in color.



PORTRAIT OF MR. J. LEE TAILOR

OLD BARÉ

"**B**Ah!" cried old Chavert, putting down his glass of cognac with disgust; not, however, before he had emptied it. "Your tales of avenged honor simply disgust me. You cut a man's throat and leave him wallowing in his own gore, as if you were a pigsticker. Hein! If you were an artist you'd kill your enemy as the playwright hath it, 'as delicately as if you loved him.' Standing up in the cold of the early dawn in a desolate place, your teeth chattering with the icy blast so that you look like a coward whether you are one or not, a target for another coward to shoot at—c'est bête, it is cruel—it is ridiculous, and besides it is vulgar. Every shopkeeper—every adventurer who has his way to make, has it in his power, in your country at least, to call out any gentleman of honor, for you have no class distinctions which will make it possible to refuse his challenge." The old man called it "your country," as if he were a resident of another, when indeed he signed his passport "Citoyen des Etats Unis," but he in truth belonged to another régime.

"What then would you do in a case like D's?" asked Curly Mivat; we had been discussing a cause célèbre that had furnished gossip and comment at the club for three uninterrupted weeks, and as Curly had been involved as second in a certain encounter, which proved fatal to one of the parties, he did not choose to regard lightly an occasion from which he had derived so great fame and such lasting notoriety.

"I would be avenged," said the Colonel. "Oh, no, I'm no milksop, and I have no new-fangled notions in favor of the propriety of letting the law take its course, *au bas* with your courts and your indemnities, but I should punish my enemy in an individual way. It is no great test of a man's courage to fight a duel. He runs his chance, and his chance is even to get as much good out of the other fellow as the other fellow gets out of him. There was a time when I was a bungler"—the old man looked a little ruefully at his right leg on which he limped slightly—"when I too thought it a fine thing to stand up and take and give on the edge of a sword, of a frosty morning, just as the day was breaking over the purple hills—but I have had a lesson and learned a better way.

"When you would avenge yourself *mon vieux*, take all the chances of punishing your enemy and punish him in the way he will most suffer. Find his weak spot, pierce him in it, turn your sword point round and round in that wound. *Ecoutez mes enfants* and I will tell you where I learned to avenge my honor."

It was at the club and we were all young fellows, gathered around the white-haired old Creole who had found a refuge in New York from his debts and his virago of a wife and the new customs that

were pouring into New Orleans. More than any other man I ever knew he had, what we call, the grand air, a certain condescension to those he regarded as his inferiors, a sweetness and a simplicity of manner that those whom he liked found it impossible to resist. He belonged to the old régime and the elder members of the club illy brooked his bitter tongue and sarcastic comment, but we lads of twenty-five and less, hung upon his words and would have liked to model ourselves on his pattern.

Fortunately that was impossible—heredity, early associations, education had all formed the Colonel.

"*E bene*—" he began "for my story of revenge. It was in the year 1836—the panic year here—we planters felt the shock down in the sugar cane plantations. Old Detrouville died a ruined man and to the amazement of all — Parish, old Baré married his daughter. I call him 'old Baré' because he was a grave and taciturn man whose silent though courteous intercourse with his neighbors gradually won him that appellation while he was still young. Time did not tend to remove it when it gave him iron gray hair and bent shoulders although other men older by several years still considered themselves gay gallants. But on one opinion the Parish was unanimous, Jean Baré was a man of the strictest honor, and the warmest though the most undemonstrative of friends.

"He was fifty when he astonished the world by his marriage with Blanche Detrouville. She was about twenty, a maigre, fair-haired little creature with the most innocent of blue eyes. *Le Bon Dieu* never made any woman as innocent as Blanche Detrouville looked. How it happened that she fascinated old Baré is like the blessed mass; a mystery—but fascinate him she did. He fell desperately, passionately in love with her—as one of you young blades would fall in love, and he married her, and took her out of the howling nest of her father's creditors whose mouths he stopped with a *bonne bouche* I can tell you. He set her up in his great house at Belle Vue plantation and loaded her with fine furniture, fine dresses, jewels, gew-gaws—what will not a man give for love? 'All the substance of his house and verily he shall not be contemned.'

"Old Baré had had a charge, a near neighbor, one Phillipe Doucet, this Phillipe had been old Baré's ward and he turned over to him when he came of age a decent property. A fine fellow was Doucet; dark, slender, handsome, gentle, brave, a tremendous favorite with the women and many men. With all the men in fact, except those with whom he had money dealings. They found him—to their infinite surprise, for he was courtesy itself—singularly hard to bargain with. He was gracious, complaisant, but as hard as a granite wall when it came to real concessions. As to his creditors, poor souls, they dreaded him as the devil dreads holy water, but perhaps only old Baré knew

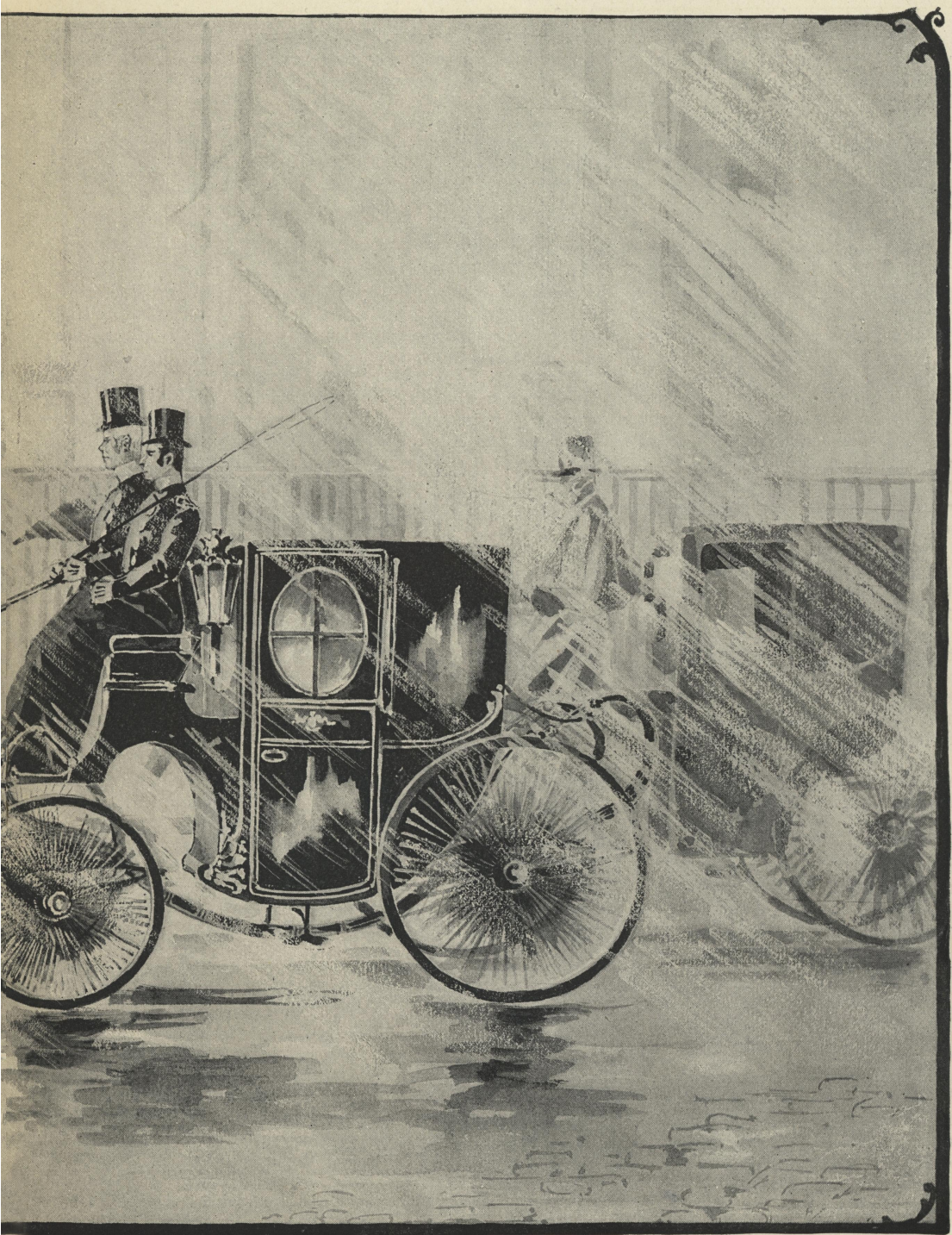
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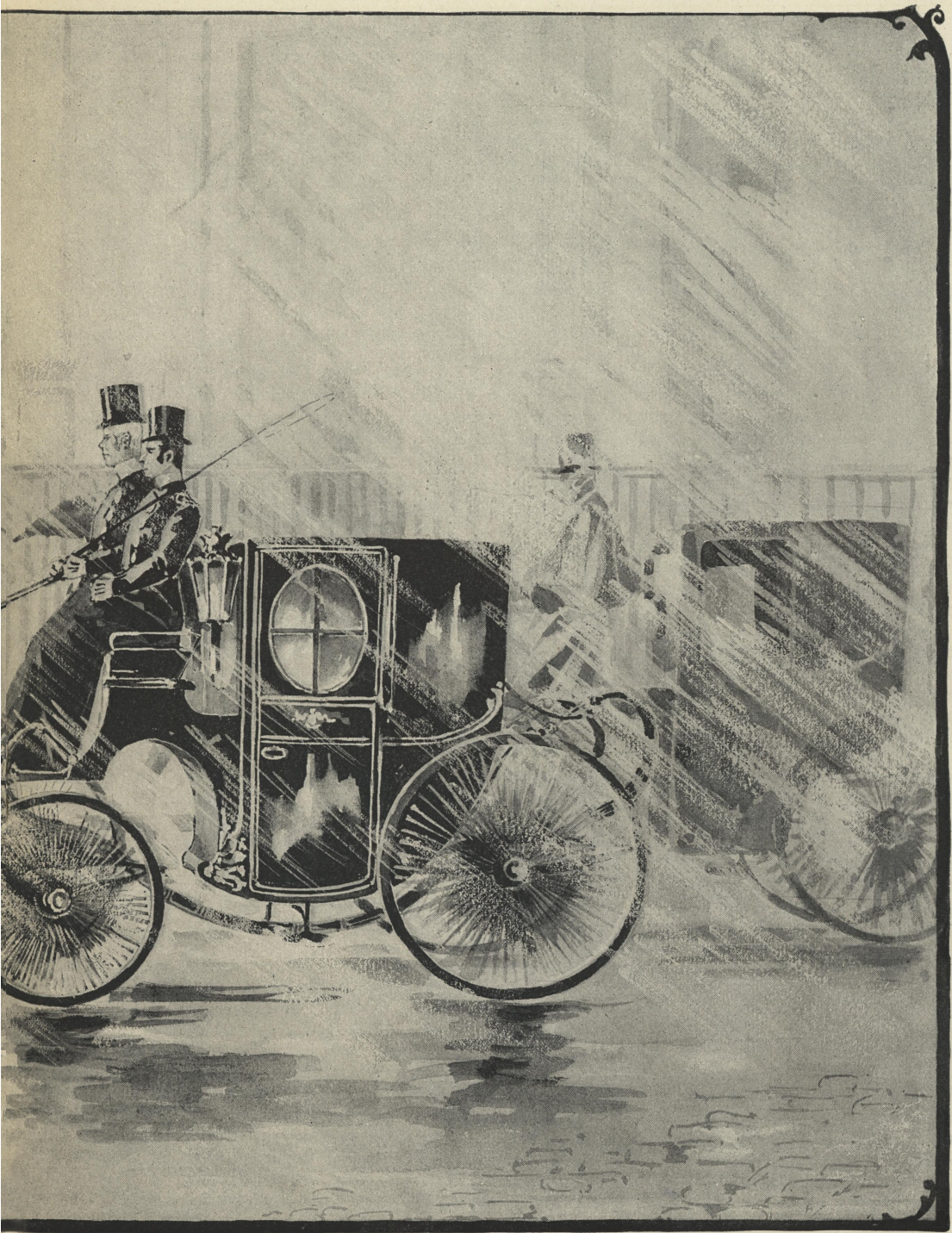
"OLD BARÉ BOWED OVER HER HAND AND LED HER TO HER PLACE"
Drawn by F. V. Dumond



SNOW FLURRY ON



FTH AVENUE



FTH AVENUE



THE FOUR ACES—FIRST SEASON—HEARTS

at night fall when these dreamy odors laden the air, and the nightingale sang in the orange grove and the moon waxed pale.

"Old Baré was a loyal friend, and his friendship was returned with equal fidelity. As it has happened before, the Bon Dieu gave the task to that friend who loved him most to break his heart.

"It was said in as few words as possible but it was said. Instead of staying a week in New Orleans at his next visit he must return unexpectedly to his wife, in two days. No one but the friend was to know the change of plan.

"Old Baré did not look at his wife when he told her that evening he must leave on the morrow for the city. He did not touch her or address her except to make the statement, and when she gaily asked whether it was to be for a week, he simply bowed, but she was used to few words from him. Perhaps that was a fault, the authors of your recent novels make a silent husband an excuse for the severing of all wedded ties, but I do not believe, had he been a Cicero of eloquence it would have made her different. She wanted first luxuries, then forbidden fruit.

"It was the morning of the third day about sunrise that old Baré returned. The house door was open, as was the fearless Creole custom. The birds were singing in the garden; all the air was heavy with the perfume the dew extracted from the flowers. It was a fair mansion; he had guarded his jewel well, if beautiful things and tender care for her caprices were good guardians. He opened the door; down the winding stair with their shallow mahogany steps a man was coming. He started back repressing a cry.

"*'Bon jour, mon cher,'* said the master. *'Vous êtes bien-venu, it delights me to see you. Come, let us to the salle à manger.'*

"Could he trust his ears? Phillipe was no coward, and he had prepared himself in that fleeting instant, when their eyes met, for the worst, which was, of course, a challenge.

"*'The man is mad,'* he thought, *'crazed by the blow.'* Did he regret it? He was a tender-hearted, fair speeched man, we are forbidden to judge.

"Old Baré drew nearer. *'You will come with me to the salle à manger, and we will have our coffee?'*

"There was something in old Baré's eye that commanded Doucet as he had never before been commanded. He obeyed.

"Baré rang for coffee, the Creole's ever-ready drink. *'And say to your Mistress that I particularly desire her presence,'* he ordered the wondering servant.

"With that he led the way into the room.

"*'Mais mon Maître!'* said Tontine, Madame's maid, coming into the room breathless. *'Madame could not at once obey Monsieur's summons.'*

She sleeps; she is not half awakened. It will be necessary to make a toilet.'

"*'Say to Madame, avec mes compliments respectueuses, it is necessary that she come, and come at once!'*

"The power in the man's eyes subjugated the woman as it had subjugated Doucet. She returned to her mistress, who appeared almost immediately after. It is evident to you, of course, Messieurs, that she had been listening at the key-hole.

"Old Baré bowed over her hand and led her to her place.

"*'You will make coffee for us, will you not, ma chère? And drink it, and eat at least a few petites bouchées de pain, of which you are so fond.'*

"But she was not hungry! *'Ennuyeux!'* She must eat, whether she was hungry or not!

"You have the picture. The early, dew-laden Southern morning; the woman hastily robed, with hair awry, unrouged, unkempt, a sorry sort of spectacle for a lover's eyes, especially as he must pay so dearly for it; the sun shining mercilessly on her pale frightened face, and she sitting at the head of the table, serving viands to the husband opposite her, who, carefully dressed, cool, calm, collected, was playing elaborately the part of host, while at the place of honor, her right hand, was her lover, with burning cheeks and downcast eyes, bewildered, confused and cursing his strange place.

"Old Baré talked almost uninterruptedly, telling stories, making bon mots, or even jesting with the other two most wretched ones, telling the one anecdotes of the other and making merry over the escapades—if so they might be called, of Phillipe's youth. Then when the weary meal had dragged itself far beyond its accustomed length he arose and with extraordinary civility invited them into his own library, a room his wife seldom if ever visited.

"The cringing, trembling creature obeyed his first words though Phillipe hung back, but there was something in the look of old Baré which compelled him to follow her, and with much cordiality, but quite an air of ceremony, old Baré ushered them into the dark, richly furnished room with its books and desks and severely business like air which betrayed the character of the master of this house.

"He then seated himself at his desk, opened his bank book and wrote a check. Rising he handed it to Phillipe.

"*'I will trouble you to sign,'* he said with an unfamiliar amiability. Half dazed at the whole proceedings Doucet read the words inscribed on the slip of paper, *'The First National Bank of — Parish will pay to the order of Blanche Detrouville Baré, \$60,000.'*

"*'Mais mon Dieu! I refuse, I utterly refuse to sign,'* cried Phillipe in an agony. *'Monsieur, I am à votre service at any day, any hour you name, as the challenged party you may choose the*

weapons, *c'est mon égal*, but I will not sign the damnable check.'

"Old Baré walked up to him and laid his hand on his arm. The look, sweetly smiling, transfixed him.

"It is my whole fortune, Monsieur,' cried Doucet, 'the savings, the accumulations of years.' The miser had entered the soul of the gallant and driven out courage, and self-respect—he who would have gone gaily to the field of honor was broken like a whip-cord at the prospect of resigning his gold and his silver. Ah, well did his former guardian know his man and where his treasure lay and his heart also.

"Nay Monsieur, if you will pardon a contradiction, not your whole fortune, but your pinchings and savings and extortions from the poor, just the blood money from the sale of your poor foster mother. It will not ruin you Monsieur, this \$60,000, it will simply break your heart.'

"He did not take his eyes from the white, convulsed face. Something in them drew the man to the table, he signed and then he turned toward the crushed, trembling creature who stood between them, understanding nothing except that she whom the winds of heaven had not visited too roughly, she who had known only petting, caressing words, respectful admiration, silent though consuming love, was suddenly alone in the world, stripped, despoiled, despised. The man who had robbed her of all she held dear looked at her. His mask of courtesy, knighthood, impassioned romance had fallen from him. He was haggard and old with suffering—although it had only been five or ten short minutes since he had heard his doom. He looked as he would look fifty years after, a greedy miser, his fingers clutching at his gold, his gold!

"She swayed her body to and fro. 'Phillipe!' she cried, in an agonized voice; she could not bear his look of consuming hate. 'Curse you! curse you! curse you!' he said, and he shook his fist in her face. Then suddenly he seemed to bethink himself. 'I will go,' he muttered, and stumbled out of the room.

"Old Baré looked at him, then a light broke. 'It is unfortunate that Monsieur walked from his plantation to ours, for it is a hot morning,' he murmured, in his strange, new, courteous voice. 'Jules,' as a servant answered the bell, 'A fresh horse at once.'

"Then he addressed the creature he had cherished. 'Since what has been mine has been yours,' he said, 'luckily we have the power to sign each other's names. I always so arranged it. I never wished you to feel any difference between yours and mine.' His voice did not break, though perhaps the tender care he had given her, and the untrammelled liberty for those days may have occurred to him. 'I could not keep you in honor. The church of which we are all three devout members,' and he

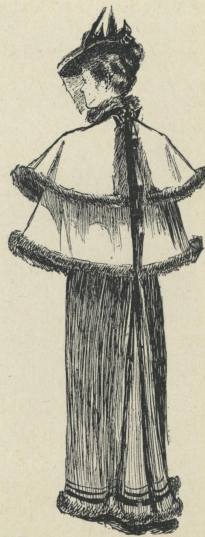
smiled, 'will not admit divorce, so that you cannot marry him and share his dearly loved fortune. Nor should I permit a divorce. What you are to do is to leave my house immediately, and with it leave all except what you brought with you. What you care for most is comfort, luxury even, and as far as sixty thousand dollars, which you have justly earned, can bring it to you, you shall have it. In two hours I will return with your money.' Then he mounted his horse, rode at full speed, and presented the check at the County Bank.

"When it was cashed and he was in his deliberate way descending the steps, he met a frantic, exhausted man with a wild light in his eyes who, having flung himself from his panting horse, was rushing into the bank. Old Baré lifted his hat. 'Too late, Monsieur, by half a minute. I have cashed your check, so it will not be possible to draw out your capital before I arrive.'

"That," continued the Colonel, "was the way to punish; the reasonable, just way, too, for the woman should not have borne it all, as is now the custom. Old Baré accepted the fact that her betrayer owed her something, and he made him pay it, and he had the joy of turning the sword round and round in his heart. An encounter! Bah! Duels are for blunderers, neophytes, the indiscriminating, common herd. But for an artist! for a student of character, he will learn his man and hurt him in the secret, tender spot. This I rank as genius."

There was a murmur of dissenting voices but the Colonel had already donned his overcoat and was limping out of the room.

Isa Carrington Cabell.



EQW/ET

WRAPS



THe new theatre mantles and opera cloaks have two distinct forms this winter. They are made either in coat shape, with enormous sleeves to accommodate the puffed sleeve of the gown, or they consist of double or triple capes, plaited on the shoulder or gathered to a yoke. In all cases they are arranged to give ample room to the dainty and frequently enormous sleeve beneath. The loose, flowing long coat of silk brocade, with wide puffed sleeves drawn in just below the elbow, and allowed to flow loosely to the hand in a deep ruffle, is a favorite model. A short cape of embroidered velvet is worn with this wrap, which is cut up behind for about a yard to make place for the train of the gown. A beautiful mantle of this form is of pale blue satin brocatelle lined with white plush. The cape and high collar are of blue velvet, embroidered with silver and edged with narrow white marabout trimming. The full puffed sleeves are of the brocatelle and are gathered in on an elastic at the wrist.

A Pingat sortie de bal of heliotrope velvet is somewhat in shape of a clergyman's surplice, and hangs in straight lines from the shoulders. The balloon sleeves are fastened with gem-studded ornaments, and a wide ruche of heliotrope velvet forms a

trimming about the throat, ending in two straight stole-like pieces in front. These reach to the knees. This handsome cloak is made *en train* and covers the gown completely. A lovely opera cloak, a Parisian model, is of black velvet cut in circular form, reaching to the ground all around and lined with rose colored silk. It is made with a plait on the shoulder so as to give ample width, and has two capes of the velvet similarly lined, one reaching just below the hips, the other to the elbow. There is no yoke, the capes being fitted to the neck by the plaits on the shoulders and the seams up the back. There is a Medici collar attached to the two capes, which are adjustable and may be worn with or without the long cloak. A copy of this model has been made by a New York modiste, who has adapted it for street or theatre wear. The cloak is of olive colored cashmere lined with black satin; the two capes have linings of robin's-egg blue silk. The Medici collar is edged with narrow mink fur, as are also the two capes. There is a huge bow with ends of black satin ribbon in the back below the collar, and the cloak is fastened in front by a bow of the same, with long floating ends.

Short cloaks reaching to the knees are much in demand. They have the usual double cape, and the most costly materials are used in their construction. One of old rose velvet is lined with white satin and trimmed upon the capes with black fox fur. These cloaks fall below the hips, and are frequently lined with fur. The favorite fur lining is white Persian lamb with a very short and silky pile, but the white shaggy fur is often seen. A pale pink camel's-hair short wrap, lined with white quilted satin, has two capes trimmed with bands of shaggy fur, and a collar of the same ending in a boa reaches to the bottom of the mantle.

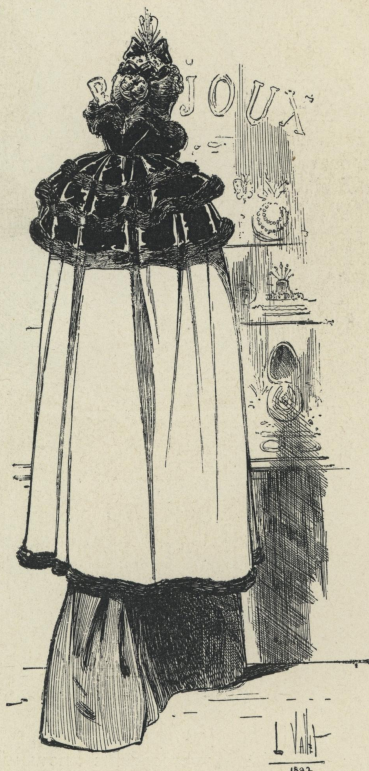
A mantle of ruby plush is made with a Watteau plait in the back. It is lined with pale blue satin and has a large collar of black fur standing up so as to protect the ears and back of the head.

An exceedingly pretty evening wrap is a long cloak gathered to a yoke and made of camel's hair in a very light shade of *café-au-lait*. Upon each shoulder is a long hanging piece like a cape, which is gathered in a ruffle at the top of the arm. These capes hang only over the arm, and are lined as is also the wrap with white silk. Around the neck and down the front of the cloak is a band of white Angora fur. For street wear there are more wraps than jackets made this season for the reason that the voluminous sleeves of the gown must be protected. A pretty model is of black velvet gathered in under a short yoke covered with a Medici collar which is cut up in battlements around the back and shoulders. The collar is bordered with narrow black fur and the manteau is lined throughout with pale olive green brocade.

Jackets are all provided this year with very full

sleeves, and are, as a rule, of three-quarter length. A recently imported model is made of shaggy black cloth fitting closely to the figure and with a yoke of black velvet. From the yoke falls a ruffle of black velvet about twelve inches wide, straight across the back, covering the upper part of the sleeve, and extending fichu-like across the bust to the waist line. There are deep mousquetaire cuffs of the velvet, which are edged with a narrow band of astrachan as is also the ruffle. The jacket is lined with black satin, and is a very chic garment.

A sleeveless jacket of suede is worn with a dress of brown Vienna cloth made *en princesse*. It has a straight round collar, and is slightly open in front so as to show the corsage beneath. The sleeves of the gown are of the brown Vienna cloth and are cut in leg-of-mutton shape, sloping to the wrist, where they are finished with suede cuffs to match the jacket. The bottom of the latter is cut straight and is two inches



above the waist line. The edges are finished with three rows of stitching. There are brown velvet buttons on each side of the front, simply as a finish.

IT is to be hoped that before long some one will write a history of humor. This would be a valuable contribution to literature. Several chapters, of course, would be devoted to the consideration of American humor, and at least one chapter to that form of American humor of which American comic opera is the chief exponent. In

champagne to drink and whose passion for the national beverage is royally patriotic, is a delightful creation. The introduction into the kingdom of a wonderful head clearing drink called "water," naturally serves the librettists with an intricate plot, for water and champagne never have been known to blend harmoniously. But the merit of the libretto



this way only will our descendants know why we laughed, and even then they will be mystified.

"The Isle of Champagne" is a fine example of our comic opera wit. It is intensely modern, in spite of the fact that its jokes long ago passed their first youth. The motive is capital. The impoverished ruler of a land where the people have only

ends with its story. But how could we expect it to escape the blighting influences of our comic opera humor? A few people in the audience seemed to enjoy the frequent puns, frequent in more senses than one, the others bore them; but all seemed interested. The ways of the comic opera-goers pass comprehension.

VOGUE SOCIETY SUPPLEMENT

JANUARY 7, 1893

Town was as deserted for the New Year's holiday observances as is London on a bank holiday, and any one who has been in the great English metropolis can fully appreciate the utter desolation which such holidays bring. Whatever was done in the vicinity of New York for the pleasure of the elect of society was carried out in a princely fashion. Mr. John Furman's party at the Spencer House, in Westchester, which he has taken for the winter, will furnish much fuel for pleasurable comment. Mr. Furman may easily be styled the Prince of Westchester. His house was far too small to hold all his guests, so the Morris Park Club House was chartered for four days, and here were Mr. and Mrs. George Peabody Wetmore, the Misses Wetmore, Mrs. Burke Roche, the Misses Turnure, Miss Willing, Miss Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Bronson, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Bryce and some others, the party altogether numbering forty.

At Mr. Furman's own house were Mr. and Mrs. White-law Reid, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Sloane and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Howard. At the dance there was the outpouring of a dozen big house parties. Those who had not been in the Spencer House since Mr. Furman took possession of it found that he had been most lavish in his expenditure of money for its decorations, although he has taken it only for a few months, he has had parquet floors laid throughout the house. Superb tapestries have been hung in halls and rooms, and his service of plate is as beautiful as anything in New York. Mr. Furman dined twenty-four people before the ball, and on Sunday night more than three times that number at the Morris Park Club House.

The strong attractions at Westchester did not lessen the interest in the merrymaking at Tuxedo, where the Club House and every individual cottage was full of guests. Dr. and Mrs. Seward Webb, who always travel in princely fashion, went out in their private car "Ellsmere," which is equipped for any journey long or short. The Webbs and Mr. and Mrs. John Purdy were guests of Mr. and Mrs. James L. Breese. Unfortunately Mr. Breese was not able to enter into the spirit of the New Year's festivities owing to a serious accident while tobogganing. His escape from a broken leg was little short of marvellous. Mr. Breese was on the toboggan which held Miss Helen King, Mr. G. Lorillard Ronalds, and Mr. Charles Mathews, all of whom were more or less injured. It is feared that Miss King's face will be permanently scarred. Mr. Breese will probably be laid up for two or three months.

Westchester did not get all the pretty women and girls. There were at the Club House dinner at Tuxedo Mrs. C. Albert Stevens, formerly Miss May Brady, in a beautiful Empire gown of mauve satin, with a huge diamond crescent perched in her coiffure, Mrs. Charles Whittier who chaperoned her debutante daughter; and Mrs. Jesse Tyson of Baltimore who was greatly admired. Mrs. Wm. Carson Kane, formerly Miss Geraldine Hoyt, looked bridelike in her white satin dinner gown. The most distinguished visitor at

the Club was Prince Isenberg Von Birstein, who has been in Baltimore since the end of the Newport season.

There was a counter attraction at Tuxedo on New Year's eve, Mrs. Walker Breesé Smith's domino party, which took away from the dance at the Club House some of the pioneer element, with the exception of the Lorillards, who remained for the Virginia reel which welcomed in the New Year.

The wedding of Miss Maud Lorillard to Mr. T. Suffern Tailer will be celebrated on Thursday in Easter week, in Calvary Church. Miss Lorillard will make a beautiful bride.

The opening of the Vaudeville club is looked forward to with considerable interest. The latest announcements name next Tuesday night for the initial performance. As the Vaudeville club is intended to fill in the stupid hour between a dinner and a ball, if Society gives its patronage, the gathering should always be a brilliant one. Full dress is not required but it would certainly add to the beauty of the gathering. The Assembly Rooms of the Metropolitan Opera house have been transformed into a cosy little theatre, of course without a drop-curtain or similar appurtenances.

Unfortunately for those members who desire to take ladies on the first night, the number has been limited to one each except for those who have secured boxes.

The most brilliant series of dinner dances, since that form of entertainment was inaugurated by Mr. Egerton Winthrop some years ago, began on Wednesday night at Mrs. Ogden Mills's beautiful house, which bears a greater resemblance to a Parisian hotel or a grand house in London than any other private house in New York. Visiting Englishmen have frequently compared it to Devonshire House. It is delightful to be able to approach the ball-room floor without running into men and women in their great coats and wraps, these necessities in Mrs. Mills's house being deposited on the ground floor. In fact the past week might properly be called a dinner week so many and so superb were the dinners given by well known society people. On Tuesday evening there were dinners given by Mrs. H. L. Crane, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Jay, and Mr. and Mrs. Townsend Burden. On Wednesday, Mrs. Ogden Mills's dinner and those of Mrs. W. D. Sloane, Mrs. Lloyd Bryce, Mrs. W. C. Whitney and Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, the guests going afterwards to Mrs. Ogden Mills's for the dance. On Thursday Mr. and Mrs. H. Le Grand Cannon, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Mortimer, as well as Mr. and Mrs. H. McK. Twombly all gave dinners before the Assembly. The dinner dance, the First Assembly in the Madison Square ball-room and the Charity Ball following in quick order the New Year's festivities have made the week a busy one.

The second Patriarch Ball is the event of next Monday. It has been decided to dance the cotillon before supper. Mr. Elisha Dyer, Jr., who led for the Assembly will probably perform the same duty for the Patriarch Ball. This early cotillon should prove a boon to men of business who do not care to dance up to the time of office hours.

COMING EVENTS

LONDON

[From Our Own Correspondent]

- Saturday, January 7th.—Mrs. James Abercrombie Burden, 908 Fifth Avenue. Reception.
 Mrs. Léon Marié, 12 East Forty-sixth Street. Reception.
 Meeting of Mrs. Sands dancing class. (Sherry's.)
- Monday, January 9th. Mrs. Charles F. Chandler and Mrs. Pellew, 51 East Fifty-fourth Street. First of four receptions.
 Mrs. John C. Westervelt, Miss Westervelt, 7 West Fifthth Street. Mondays, January and February.
 Second Patriarch's Ball. (Delmonico's.)
- Tuesday, January 10th.—Mrs. J. Hooker Hammersley, 414 Madison Avenue. Reception.
 Robinson-Ivers. Church of the Heavenly Rest. Noon.
 Mrs. Thomas Ward, 15 East Ninth Street. Dinner.
 Mrs. Samuel Parsons, Miss Parsons. Reception.
 Mrs. George T. DeWitt, 70 East Fifty-fifth Street. Reception.
 Meeting of Mrs. John T. Hall's dancing-class. (Sherry's.)
- Wednesday, January 11th.—Betts-Weed. Church of the Heavenly Rest. Noon.
 Mrs. Anson Phelps Stokes. Wednesday.
 Mrs. Edward Reeve-Merritt, 7 East Fifty-third Street. Last of two receptions.
 Mrs. Edward Cooper, 12 Washington Square. Dinner-dance.
- Thursday, January 12th.—Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Abercrombie, N. Madison Square. Dinner.
 Meeting of Thursday Evening Club. Professor and Mrs. Charles F. Chandler, 51 East Fifty-fourth Street.
 Mrs. W. Seward Webb. Dance.
 Mrs. Anson Phelps Stokes. Dinner-dance.
- Friday, January 13th.—Second Subscription Concert. Mrs. H. Le Grand Cannon.
- Saturday, January 14th.—Adamowski Quartet. Mrs. Henry Livingston.
 Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock, 8 East Twenty-ninth Street. Reception.
- Monday, January 16th.—General and Mrs. Alexander S. Webb, 15 Lexington Avenue. Dinner.
 Cotillon. (Delmonico's.)
- Tuesday, January 17th.—Mr. E. F. Stokes for Miss Stokes, 8 West Fifty-third Street. Evening reception.
- Wednesday, January 18th.—Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt. Dinner-dance.

SAILINGS

Sailed from New York, S. S. Ems, January 3, 1893.—
 Mr. and Mrs. J. Carroll Beckwith, New York; Mr. J. P. Coolidge, Boston; Rev. John Hargate, Concord, Mass.

PERSONAL

The young man whose photograph is reproduced on page 53 is Mr. J. Lee Tailer, a gentleman of fortune who is much interested in horses. He drives a tandem team, also a four-in-hand, and although only twenty-two years old is a famous whip. Mr. Tailer is also distinguished for his excellent taste in dress.

THE air just now is full of the approaching royal nuptials; when tired of discussing the prospects and truly imperial trousseau of Princess Marie of Edinburgh, the future Princess of Roumania, we turn and gossip upon the simpler details of the Berlin marriage, in which the Princess Margaretha of Prussia, the Empress Frederick's daughter, is to play the principal part. Both weddings take place early in January, and at both royalty will be well to the fore.

The Princess Marie is to have no bridesmaids, such being the German etiquette, but all three of her sisters will attend her as supernumerary maids of honor, the eldest two wearing the daintiest of costumes, alike in design, but differing in color, and the third, the little Princess Beatrice, who is only eight years old, a fairy like creation of palest écu cream batiste and exquisite Valenciennes lace, worth quite its weight in gold; spoils from the Duchess of Edinburgh's almost limitless store of incomparable laces. The Duchess herself is to be very magnificent, and blaze with the famous Roumanoff diamonds, before which even the glories of Mrs. Mackay's rubies, Mrs. Bradley Martin's crown jewels, and Mrs. John Sloane's pear pearls, pale into absolute mediocrity!

The latest caprice de luxe, which the Duke and Duchess have accomplished in connection with their daughter's marriage, is a magnificent set of altar hangings, which are to be used at the Orthodox or Greek ceremony at Sigmaringen. The altar cloth is of the richest white brocade and velvet elaborately embroidered in gold and pale tinted floss silks. Accompanying it is a full set of beaten brass altar furniture; vases, candlesticks, missal rest, and a chalice and paten of gold, supplemented by a cross of special design.

The Berlin wedding is also to be very festive, more than one court function having already been announced by Emperor William in honor of his sister's nuptials. The Princess Margaretha has always been the favorite with her despotic elder brother, and since she is marrying according to his wishes, he intends to do his part nobly in the matter. Probably he will give his sister away, although this is a mooted point, the Empress Frederick not always being amenable to her imperial son's autocratic orders. She, of course, has the right to give away her own daughter, and she may elect to do so, and adhere to her decision.

I have been favored to-day by a private inspection of the toilettes just completed by Mme. Négy, for the Princess Christian, and her daughter the Princess Victoria, to be worn at the Berlin festivities. The young Emperor is a great stickler for forms and ceremonies, his observance of etiquette descending even to details such as the correct length of a train, and the correspondingly scanty necessities of a bodice. Consequently the principal costumes are those designed for court ceremonies. That for the Princess Christian is particularly effective;—by the way Princess Christian detests trains, and has grumbled no end at her nephew's not-to-be-gainsaid prejudices;—the underdress is of rich white satin, the front powdered à la Pompadour, in tiny flower sprays of silk embroidery in pale pinks and greens, completed by a design, outlining each side of the front seam, in gold thread and tiny crystals. The bodice is of rich ruby velvet, a narrow berth of silver fox outlining the neck, and most becomingly arranged in a deep V in front. The train is formed of the same velvet, brought from the middle of the back in a narrow Watteau plait, and then sweeping out four and a half yards in length. It is edged all round with silver fox, and lined with satin of the same shade as the velvet. A second bodice to be worn with the underdress on less august occasions is of white satin trimmed with the most lovely old Honiton, a lace to which English royal ladies have always been extremely partial, and which certainly is deserving of all favor. A day gown for Princess Christian is

of deep jade green bengaline; the skirt fastened in a short train, each seam overlaid with a narrow braid jeweled in green and amethyst. The bodice is particularly effective, having a Figaro over jacket shaped closely to the figure made entirely of tea green and amethyst beads, beneath which is a wide belt of the silk drawn into close folds by stiff bones. The sleeves are quite plain, fitting tight to the elbow, but slightly puffed out at the shoulders. A small capote to be worn with this costume has a crown formed of the bead work surrounded by a band of jade green velvet, which is finished on one side by three or four donkey-ear bows and cut ospreys in dark brown.

Princess Victoria's court gown is, of course, of a much simpler genre. The plain white satin underdress, the surface of which seems to reflect a certain green tone, has a band of golden otter along the bottom of the skirt, which, while fitting closely to the figure in front, is gathered quite full at the back. The bodice is short, coming only an inch below the waist, the bertha formed of a few cleverly arranged bands of satin, held in place by a narrow rouleau of the beaver. The brocaded satin train, of an exquisite aquamarine shade, suggesting cool green tints and blue shadows, is brought high up on each shoulder in full quills, and then falls away in a divided bretelle, open to the waist, where it is again caught into large double plaits, which gradually spread out into the requisite number of yards. It is lined with white silk, finished by a ruche of pale blue.

A simple ball dress for the Princess is of bright green chartreuse amour silk, the skirt quite short, edged by a narrow band of deep amethyst velvet. The front is veiled in transparent silk muslin, powdered all over with tiny golden stars, and across the bottom a festoon of beads held together by raised appliqué bow-knots of the muslin, outlined by gold thread. The "baby" bodice of the green silk is draped with the muslin, the large puffed sleeves of amethyst velvet, while from the narrow velvet band which finishes the neck falls a deep fringe of pearl and gold beads. Madame Négy is certainly to be congratulated upon the novelty of design and happy combinations of color which she has so successfully carried out in these royal wedding garments.

I seem, indeed, in this letter to be obliged to harp upon royal matters of all sorts and kinds, but I cannot help it. Just now royalty fills the air, and after the Christmas holidays every one is looking forward to the announcement of another royal betrothal in which the whole country takes the keenest interest. The Queen, who, by the way, is a great observer of Christmas festivities, always has a large family gathering to keep Yule-tide at Osborne. This year, among her other guests invited are Prince and Princess Christian and Princess Victoria. To-day I saw the latter's Christmas souvenir for her grandmamma. It is a most charming blotter, designed and painted by the young artist, Mr. Walter Pritchard, who is quite the craze of the moment. Mr. Pritchard has a method by which he paints upon chamois skins, both texture and painting remaining perfectly soft and flexible. He learned the secret of the medium he uses from an old Maori chief during his long sojourn in New Zealand, as also the manner of treating the skins and how to join one skin to another invisibly, so that even portières in this métier are possible. His designs are all original, though often drawn from Maori, Celtic, Egyptian or Moorish sources, and his coloring and treatment are pleasing. It was Mr. Pritchard who designed and painted the wonderful belt, with its numerous hanging ends, which Sarah Bernhardt is to wear in *Salome*, and it was this artist who painted and designed the throne curtain in *King Lear*, Miss Terry's gift to Mr. Irving, as well as the dainty slippers for the three sisters. Mr. Pritchard intends displaying his work at the Chicago Fair next May.

It is a great grief to every one to see how sad is the state of health into which the Princess of Wales has fallen. She has never really rallied since Prince Eddy's death. He was her favorite child, and he loved her devotedly, always ad-

ressing her as "Mother dearest," and coming to her in all his troubles and difficulties. She sits now for hours wrapt in a profound melancholy, her hands folded on her lap, her eyes half closed, her face sad to pitifulness. Her condition brings to mind the unhappy mental state of her sister, the Duchess of Cumberland, and a shadow of foreboding crosses one's mind lest she too shall develop the same hereditary taint.

The Duke of York's health is also far from satisfactory, and his openly expressed disinclination to marry complicates matters very much. Indeed "here's a pretty coil" as far as marriage in the heir presumptive's case goes, and every one is on the tiptoe of excitement to know how it will all eventually be arranged.

The great £30,000 jewel robbery at Leigh Court, whereby Lady Miles has lost the greater part of her wonderful collection of personal adornments in the way of precious stones, stirs up many an old reminiscence. The Heir Apparent did his best to exploit Lady Miles more years ago than that lady would probably care to recall, but all to no avail. The men flocked readily, but the women were not to be caught. Then came the Colin Campbell divorce case in which she figured prominently, and principally as reading the Psalms aloud to Lord Colin during the night, and then old Sir William's death, and now, what is of far more account to all concerned, this most magnificent triumph of the burglary trade! Poor Lady Miles is in despair, and everyone is condoling with her, notwithstanding a certain undefined feeling of satisfaction that after all pervades all condolence.

The latest fad in dog-worship has just been instituted by a well-known American Londoner,—a grande dame in dollars. It is a bangle of solid gold, the crossed knobs each holding a pearl of value, from which depends a gold locket set in pearls, and which when opened discloses the first tooth shed by her curled black poodle of fortune!

Everyone is delighted to welcome handsome Mrs. Adair back to town, and to her lovely home in Curzon Street, with its interesting history, its piquant flavor of dead and by-gone royal doings, and its exquisite panels by Angelica Kaufmann. Mrs. Adair is an established personage in London smart society, and to have her absent for months at a time is a loss indeed.

Quite the prettiest dolls in the Truth Christmas Toy Show at The Albert Hall, were those dressed by charming Miss de Lussan, whom the Queen has delighted to honor, and whose little head and honest heart do not seem in the least turned by all the laudation received. Miss de Lussan, during her various journeyings up and down the country, dressed six dolls for the Truth Show, and all in characters that she has portrayed; namely, Carmen,—with the memorable rosebud and all,—the Daughter of the Regiment, Zerlina, Desdemona, Marguerite, and Juliet. Next year she has promised a fac simile of her own pretty face and figure, dressed as Carmen, as a prize doll for the Truth Show. Well may Americans be proud of her. She is as good as she is charming, and as generous as she is ingenious. All good luck attend her. Diane.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHION PLATES

Opera cloak of a very pale shade of tan velvet trimmed with brown fur and lined with pink satin. (Shown in drawing—The Pleasures of Having a Young Wife, Frontispiece). The back is slightly princesse shape and the sleeves, if sleeves they can be called, are gathered in at the back. Two wing-like pieces fall from the neck in the back to some distance below the waist. The pink satin lining is visible in these wings and contrasts agreeably with the dark fur which trims the edges. There are similar pieces in the front and they all join the plaited collar of velvet; satin and loops of ribbon at the throat. The wrap is open a little way up the back to allow for a trained skirt.

This plate (page 51) represents a scene upon a glass enclosed piazza at a fashionable winter resort. The young mother wears a tea gown of soft white camel's hair embroidered in a Persian pattern in gold and colors, on each side of the fronts and on the edge of the Figaro vest. The front breadths of the gown and the vest are faced with violet colored bengaline, which projects a little beyond the edges. A plaited ruffle of white silk lined with violet bengaline forms the trimming around the neck, and is fastened in front with a knot of violet velvet ribbons. The gown is worn over a petticoat of white silk veiled with lace. A deep frill of white lace falls from under the Figaro vest in front, and is continued down each side of the skirt in the form of a jabot. The double puffed sleeves are finished with a deep frill of lace and there is a bow at the waist, in front, of white ribbon with ends falling to the edge of the skirt. The French nurse who stands behind her mistress has a dark blue stuff gown plainly made, a white neckerchief, a long blue cloth cape fastened at the throat, and a white cap trimmed with loops of dark blue ribbon with two long ends hanging down behind to the edge of the skirt.

The child wears a little coat over her dress, of crimson cloth belted in at the waist. A short cape of velvet of the same color is worn with the coat and tied at the neck with black velvet strings. The hat or hood has a soft crown of black velvet, a stiffened ruffle of white lace around the face and two crimson roses on the top.

The skirt of girl's costume (page 52) is fawn-colored cloth, made umbrella shape, the seams defined by a piping of sepia brown velvet. Bodice of fawn-colored bengaline, made with full leg o' mutton sleeves, the cuffs turned back with écaré lace. Corset belt of sepia brown velvet, fastening at the side. Louis Seize cravat of fawn-colored chiffon, trimmed on the ends with wide écaré lace. Hat of fawn-colored felt, lined with brown velvet, and trimmed with brown velvet ribbon loops and feathers of the same color. The ribbon loops are fastened by a Rhine stone buckle set in gold. Tan-colored suede gloves.

The young man (page 52) has on a black frock coat and black waistcoat cut rather low. Trousers of dark gray striped with black. Shirt, striped, pink in color, with high white collar, and Prince of Wales white silk tie barred with pink—pearl pin set in below the knot. Silk hat, patent-leather shoes.

Evening gown of shot white silk showing the exquisite tints of the opal in its glittering sheen (page 59). The skirt with train is trimmed around the bottom with coquilles of the same silk. The train is lined with tea rose satin. The round corsage is simply folded over surplice fashion, and there are full puffed short sleeves veiled with the palest pink chiffon. Coquilles of the opal tinted silk make a trimming over the shoulders and around the bottom of the sleeves. Long suede gloves.

Empire wrap, consisting of two capes and a high collar (page 61). This cloak is made of emerald green velvet lined with black satin, and trimmed with otter fur. The lower cape reaches just below the hips, and the upper one is open up the back where the fur trimming continues. A black velvet band around the neck, edged on the upper side with otter fur forms the collar, and there is a bow at the back of double faced black satin ribbon with long ends reaching to the end of the cloak. The hat, of green velvet lined with black, is edged with otter, and has a trimming in the back of black birds, their wings and tails pointing upward.

Evening dress of the palest blue brocade flowered with white (page 62). It is made in Empire style, the short waist spanned by a narrow jeweled girdle. The skirt is perfectly plain, and has a train lined with blush pink silk. The full sleeves are gathered together at the shoulders and fastened with a little jeweled clasp to match the girdle. The coiffure shows a little fluffy knot behind, not high, and in front just over the short wavy front an aigrette of pale blue feather

tips and silver sprays is placed. The gloves of white suede and fan of pale blue feathers complete this toilette.

This pretty carriage wrap (page 63) is in the form of a cloak hanging full from the shoulders and reaching some inches below the knees. It is made of gray corded silk very rich, and lined with quilted pink satin. There are three short full capes, the lowest not quite reaching to the elbow, of black velvet, edged with marten sable fur and lined with pink. There is a full standing collar of black velvet edged with fur. This cloak has no openings for the arms but hangs straight down all around in an even line.

The gown in this charming costume (page 64) is of the finest and fleeciest old rose wool material. The skirt is fourreau shape and trimmed around the bottom with a narrow band of old rose silk, edged on each side with black velvet. The skirt fastens up over the bodice, and is finished by a wide belt of old rose and black velvet ribbon, ending in a bow of the same in front, placed a little on the left side. From the belt are bretelles of old rose velvet, widening out into wings over the sleeves and almost covered by a ruffle of soft écaré lace. The corsage and sleeves are of the old rose wool. The sleeves are leg o' mutton shape, with no fullness below the elbow. They fit the arm snugly, and are buttoned from wrist to elbow. The bodice is made full and gathered in at the throat under a band of old rose velvet, edged on each side with a black velvet piping. The hat is of black velvet, trimmed with black feathers.

As to decorations, the choice of the Princess Marie of Edinburgh will give an impetus to the use of pink wherever the débütantes are concerned, who will no doubt soon wear only pink roses or carnations—for they can scarcely have their favorite violets died pink! A ball room for a "bud" of this year was thus all couleur de rose. Pink china silk draped the walls and was drawn tent wise on the ceiling, while in every nook and corner of the ante-room were masses of pink roses of every variety in all their exquisite shades. The supper table was a fairy vision all in roses and smilax, banded low in the centre, and fringing out at the edges into trails and sprays which took away all stiffness and artificiality.

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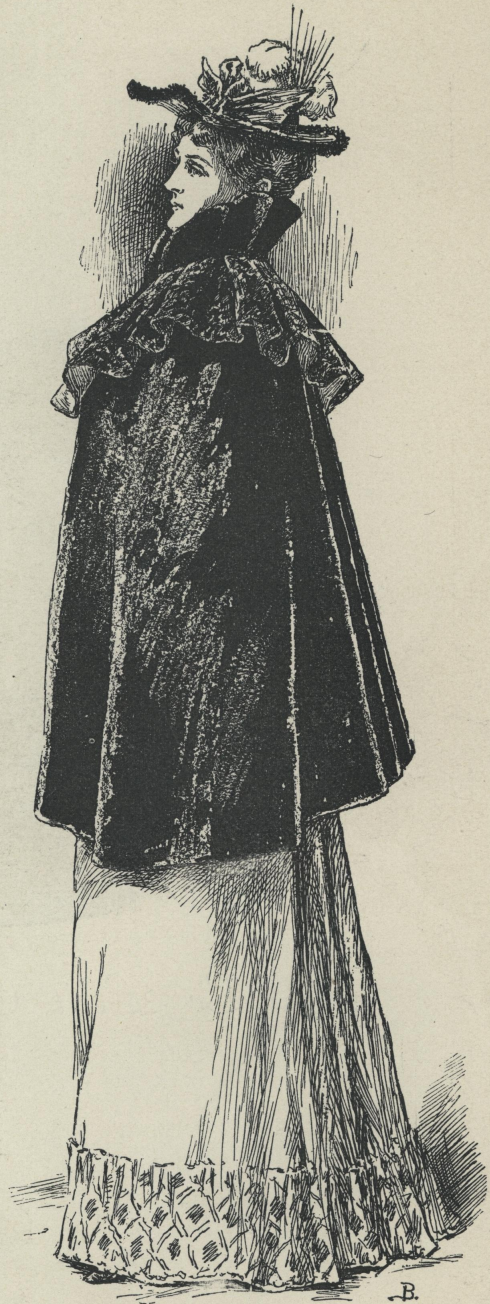
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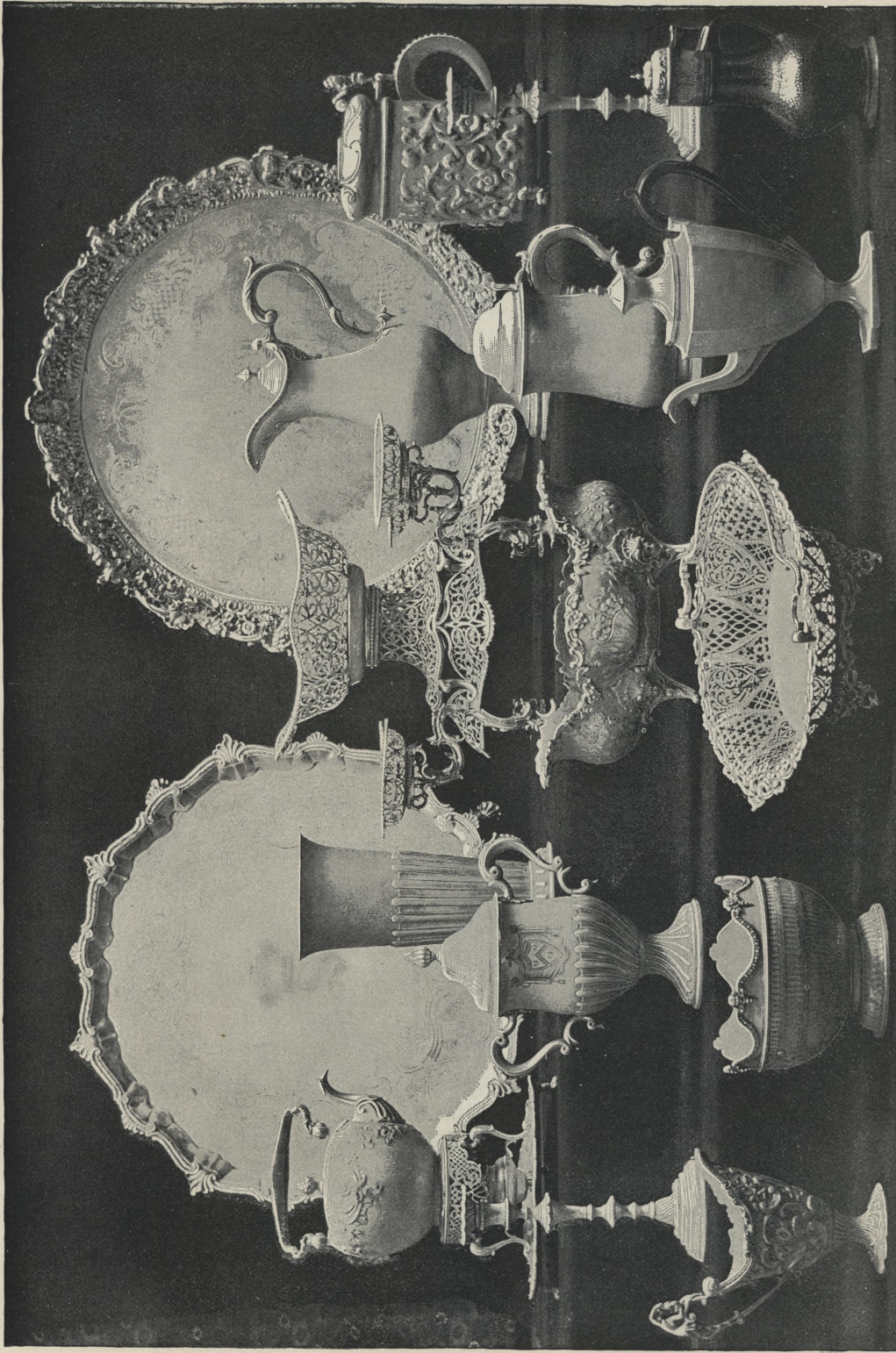
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